

I've got my finger on the trigger,  
And my hand around the gun,  
If you all see me coming ~~then~~  
Then you better start to run.

I'm going Postal,  
I'm going Postal,

Oh I've got a score to settle  
With that stupid boss of mine

I've had it up to here w/ this muckin' stuff  
With a bunch of stupid <sup>sons of</sup> ~~managers~~ that think they so damn tough  
~~If you see me coming~~  
~~If you don't see me coming~~ I'll get you sure enough  
~~With your gun your gun your gun~~  
I'm going Postal

I've got this gun, last meeting,  
Won't sit through any more,  
And if you know what's good  
You better head on out that door,  
You're off your gun your last order

~~So cancel you~~

I'm gonna cancel your appointment w/ some authority  
I've got my own retirement plan I'm gonna let you fly  
to a place that's slightly warmer than where you want to be  
And you'll finally get to see that big sunny sky  
I'm gonna postal

I don't really want to crush you  
But I'm really got to fly  
So why don't you head on out  
And kiss your butt goodbye.

I'm gonna postal.

Please don't take this personal afterwards I'll never regret  
When I've used my ammunition & the bullet is all spent  
I'm just the product of a really bad environment.